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**DENTISTRY!**  
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# WINCHESTER JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RANDOLPH COUNTY.

New Series,

WINCHESTER, INDIANA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1862.

Vol. 1, No. 20.

## POETRY.

### GENERAL MITCHEL.

The following noble poem, occasioned  
by the death of General Mitchell, the  
soldier-astronomer, appears in the New  
York Evening Post:

#### "OLD STARS."

"Hail to the Heroes with black!"

His mighty life was burned away  
By Carolina's fiery sun;

The pestilence that walks by day  
Spoke him before his course seemed run.

ii.  
The Constellations of the sky,  
The Pleiades, the Southern Cross,

Looked sadly down to see him die,  
To see a nation weep his loss.

iii.  
"Send him to us," the stars might cry—  
"You do not feel his worth below;

Your petty great men do not try  
The measure of his mind to know,

iv.  
"Send him to us. This is his place,  
Not 'mid your puny jealousies;

You sacrificed him in your race  
Of envies, strifes and policies.

v.  
"His eye could pierce our vast expanse,  
No hero slain in righteous wars,

His mind, amid our mystic dance,  
Could follow all our myriad throngs.

vi.  
"Send him to us! no martyr's soul,  
No hero slain in righteous wars,

No raptured saint could e'er control,  
A holier welcome from the stars."

vii.  
Take him, ye stars! take him on high,  
To your vast realms of boundless space.

But once he turned from you to try  
His name on martial scrolls to trace.

viii.  
That once was when his country's call  
Said danger to her flag was nigh,

And then her banner's stars dimmed all  
The radiant lights which gemmed the  
sky.

ix.  
Take him, loved ones! His country's life,  
Freedom for all—for these he wars;

For these he welcomed bloody strife,  
And followed in the wake of Mars.

"You'll Tell Her, Won't You!"

BY CAROLINE A. HAYES.

"Another (soldier) shot through the  
lungs, clasped a lock on his breast and  
moved his lips till I put down my ear and  
listened for his last breath: 'You'll tell  
her, won't you?' Tell who or where I  
could not ask, but the lock was the pic-  
ture of one who might be wife, sweet-  
heart or sister."—Army Letter.

You'll tell her, won't you? Say to her I  
died

As a brave soldier should—true to the  
last.

She'll bear it better if a thought of pride  
Comes in to stay her, the first shock  
o'er past.

You'll tell her, won't you? Show her  
how I lay,

Pressing the pictured lips I loved so well,  
And how my last thoughts floated far away  
To home and her, with love I could not  
tell.

You'll tell her, won't you? not how hard  
it was

To give up life—life for her sake so  
dear—

Nay, nay, not so! Say 'twas a noble cause,  
And I did die for it without a tear.

You'll tell her, won't you? She'll be  
glad to know

Her soldier stood undaunted, true as  
steel,

His heart with her, his bosom to the foe,  
When the blow struck no human power  
could heal.

You'll tell her, won't you? Say to me  
she must

In God's hereafter, where our love  
shall grow

More holy for this parting, and more  
sweet,

And cleansed from every stain it knew  
below.

FITCHBURG, MASS.

To Let.—There are more  
things "to let" than are placard-  
ed. Hearts are to let every day;  
old hearts, young hearts, stricken  
hearts—all empty—all to let.—  
There are heads to let—; to any  
new thing—to isms, ologies and  
ists; heads without a tenant—  
There are consciences to let—e-  
lastic, accommodating caouch-  
one, at 5 per cent per month—60  
per cent per year. To let on  
bond, and mortgage, and pound  
of flesh. And so it goes, from  
sods to souls; almost every thing  
with its price; every thing in the  
market but griefs. They are never  
quoted, never at a premium,  
never to let.

We often fancy we suffer from  
ingratitude when, in reality, we  
are suffering from self love.

## NEGRO TROOPS IN THE REBEL SERVICE.

The Wilmington (N. C.) Jour-  
nal announces "the arrival at  
that place of seven negro regi-  
ments to garrison the town and  
fortifications during the sickly  
season. They have been en-  
camped for the last six months  
under the instructions of white  
officers." This news was sent  
over the country by the Associ-  
ated Press, through the telegraph,  
a few days since. Slaves with  
six months' drill and discipline  
to be matched against our white  
soldiers. We admit the good  
sense of the measure, and if we  
were a rebel we would support it  
with all our might. But being a  
loyal man we are puzzled. If  
we say, "Set other drilled and  
disciplined negroes to fight them,"  
the Breckenridge party screams  
out "The Constitution! Good  
Lord, where will these abolition-  
ists end?" and in pity for their  
terror we stop. If we say "Let  
the acclimated negroes be met  
only by unacclimated white  
men," we compel white men to  
accept negroes not only as ene-  
mies on their level, but enemies  
with many advantages in their  
favor, and we really like our own  
whites a great deal better than  
negroes. Sometimes these Breck-  
enridge gentry are very fearful  
that negroes in the loyal States  
may be put on a level with the  
whites, but insist that our white  
soldiers in the South must be  
placed on a level with negroes.  
The inconsistency is characteris-  
tic, but a little puzzling.—Ind.  
Daily Journal.

## THE HAND OF GOD.

As a nation, the hand of God has  
touched us. The sun of our In-  
dian summer looks down on  
scenes of carnage and desolation,  
the breezes quiver with the roar  
of battle, and the autumn leaves  
rustle under the tread of hosts  
rushing into strife. North or  
South, there are few kindreds  
whose blood has not been shed,  
few homes where tear-dimmed  
eyes do not rest sadly on vacant  
places—waiting by our hearth-  
stones. The hand of God hath  
touched us.

Will it ever be lifted? God  
visits nations sometimes in wrath  
sometimes in mercy, now puri-  
fying them as wheat is cleansed  
from chaff. Has he come to us  
to purge or to destroy? History  
teaches us that God never de-  
stroys a nation unless the whole  
mass is so corrupted that a re-  
novation is a new creation.

The Jewish empire and the  
Roman empire are instances in  
which annihilation was needed,  
and was brought about. We  
hope and pray that our country  
is not. The mass of our people  
is not corrupt. The great body  
of our population, represented bet-  
ter in our armies than elsewhere,  
love justice, endure privations,  
and follow guidance in defense  
of what they think is right. The  
million soldiers now rallied a-  
round the old flag, prove this,  
and the hosts of poor fellows who  
followed Bragg, barefooted, a-  
cross the Cumberland mountains  
and those that are shivering by  
the Blue Ridge around Lee, dem-  
onstrate that selfishness and cor-  
ruption have not spread through  
the masses of the American peo-  
ple, either North or South.

But the people have been proud  
and careless, and have forgotten  
God. They have followed their  
caprices and exalted those who  
flattered them into power. They  
have deserved to be betrayed by  
their leaders and have been bet-  
rayed. They have shut their eyes  
upon corruption, and allowed  
plunder to become the fashion.  
So pride was pampered and judg-  
ment forgotten. In the South,  
pride instigated men to adopt  
and defend the evils and wrongs  
of the slave system, in order to  
defy criticism, and to declare that  
Slavery was more sacred than  
marriage, or than the bonds of  
blood. In the North, it led men  
to overlook the evils crying to  
Heaven around them, the hypoc-  
risy, pauperism, oppression, fest-  
ering in their midst, to ignore  
God, to calumniate and trample  
upon his church.

It is useless to discuss the ques-  
tion who struck the first blow.  
The voice from the ghastly bat-  
tlefields and hospitals—from the  
sorrowing homes is—"Be ye  
humbled under the mighty hand  
of God."

We are not too corrupt to learn  
justice, nor too cowardly to do  
it—but the demagogues—the  
traitors in place and power, the  
wanton caterers to mob passions,  
must go under, if the country is  
to rise.—Cath. Telegraph.

## INTERESTING TO DRINKERS.

The Taunton Republican gives  
the following refreshing story  
which we commend to the atten-  
tion of those in the habit of "tip-  
ping the mug." A few days  
since, says that paper, a man went  
into one of the beer shops in town  
and called for a half-pint of ale.  
The ale was brought to him in a  
common pint measure. He  
drank a little, and thinking it  
tasted rather queerly asked the  
storekeeper if anything was the  
matter with his beer. The answer  
was that it was first-rate beer, just  
bought in Boston. This satis-  
fied the customer, and he swal-  
lowed the remainder of the beer.  
When he got through, seeing  
something in the bottom of the  
measure, he asked what it was.  
"I declare," said the shopkeeper,  
"I forgot to take out the soap  
the last time I shaved!"

## EXPENSIVE DOG.

The Columbia City Republi-  
can says:

A case of some importance to  
owners of dogs was tried at the  
last term of our Common Pleas  
Court. It was an action brought  
by Whipple to recover damages  
of one Hennemyer for keeping a  
vicious dog that frightened the  
team of Whipple, causing it, as  
he alleged, to run off, thereby  
breaking the leg of the plaintiff  
and greatly injuring him, from  
the effects of which one of his  
legs was amputated, in order to  
save his life. It appeared from  
the testimony that Hennemyer  
resided near the public highway,  
and his dog was accustomed to  
rush out into the road and bark  
at and follow teams passing his  
house. This fact it appeared  
was known to the defendant.—  
The dog thus barking and follow-  
ing the team of Whipple, caused  
it to run off, resulting in the al-  
most fatal accident to him. The  
case was finally compromised be-  
fore giving it to the jury, by the  
defendant, Hennemyer, paying  
the plaintiff five hundred dollars  
and costs of suit. It may be  
news to many owners of dogs,  
accustomed to do just as Henne-  
myer's did, that they are liable  
for any damages resulting to pas-  
sengers by this canine propen-  
sity of their respective curs.

## STANDIN' ON THE CARPET.

Orpheus C. Kerr is sometimes  
"reminded of a little story"  
which he puts into "the Honest  
Abe's" mouth with a stinging ef-  
fect not at all impaired by his lu-  
diculous language. The follow-  
ing in his last letter, is as per-  
fect an illustration of the selfish,  
mean, disloyal conduct of the  
leaders of the "Butternut" style  
of Democrats as can be imagined.  
It is as true as gospel. A better  
exposure of disgraceful indiffer-  
ence to the honor and safety of a  
country, aggravating itself by  
mean assaults on failures which  
its own disloyalty has produced,  
we have never seen.—Indianapo-  
lis Journal.

The Honest Abe cracked a  
walnut, and says he "You say,  
neighbor, that the organization  
still insists upon a vigorous pros-  
ecution of the war?"

The Democratic chap sliced  
a toothpick from the arm of the  
chair with his knife, and says he:  
"That is the present platform on  
which we are *E pluribus u-*  
*num.*"

"Well," says the Honest Abe,  
"I believe that you mean well;  
but am reminded of a little story."

"When I was practicing law  
out in Illinois," says the Honest  
Abe, "twisting the bow of his  
black necktie around from under  
his left ear, 'there was an old  
cock, with two sons, living near  
me in a tumble-down old shanty.  
He lived there until half his roof  
blew off one windy night, and  
then he concluded to move to a  
new house, where the chimney  
didn't take up all the upper story.  
On the day when he moved, he'd  
got most all of his other traps  
changed to the other residence,  
and had sent one of his sons to  
see that they were all got safely  
in doors, when suddenly a shower  
commenced to come up."

"The old man and his other  
offspring, who had stayed to hur-  
ry him, were taking up a carpet  
from the floor, at the time the  
first dose of thunder cracked, and  
the offspring says he, 'Hurry up,  
old crazybones, or we'll be ketch-  
ed in the freshest before we get  
up this here rich fabric.' The  
stern parent heeded the admoni-  
tion, and went ripping away the  
carpet around the edges of the  
room, until he came near where  
the offspring was standing, and  
there it stuck. He pulled, but it  
wouldn't come, and he says, says  
he: 'Pears to me that that dod  
rotted tack must be a ten penny  
at nail—it holds on so.' You see,  
the old screw was very blind  
without his specs,' says the Hon-  
est Abe, buttoning his vest as-  
kew, 'and he couldn't see just  
where the tack was. Another  
peal of thunder at this moment  
made the irascible offspring still  
madder, and he says, says he:  
'You misabul old cripple, if you  
don't hurry up we'll be ketch-  
ed, I tell you! As he made this du-  
tiful remark he went stamping to  
the window, and at the same mo-  
ment the cantankerous tack came  
out, and the aged parent went  
over on his back, with the carpet  
up to his chin. He got up and  
dusted, and says he: 'Well, now,  
that is cur'ous—how sudden it  
was.'—Then he proceeded to rip  
away again, until he came near  
the window, and there it stuck  
once more. The wild offspring  
saw him tugging again, and it  
made him so wrathful that he  
says, says he: 'Why in thunder  
didn't you take out the nails first,  
you crooked old sinner, you? It's  
enough to make me weep afresh  
for the old woman, to see how  
you—' But he didn't finish his  
observation; for, as he walked  
toward where the hammer lay,  
the tack came out, and the old  
'un went to bed again under the  
carpet. Up sprang the sad pa-  
rent, spitting rage, and he says,  
says he: 'Well, now, cur'ous—  
to think it should come so sud-  
den!' Still on he went, until  
the carpet was all up from around  
the edges; but when he tried to  
drag it away on his shoulder, it  
was fast somewhere yet. R—  
r—rum—rum—boom! went the  
thunder; and says the infuriated  
offspring, says he: 'Well, I never  
did see such a blundering old  
dad as you be. We'll be ketch-  
ed in the rain as sure as grasshops

## GEN. BANKS ON THE CRISIS.

The Forty-first Massachusetts  
regiment escorted Gen. Banks  
from Boston to New York, and  
was entertained with a breakfast  
at the Astor House on Friday.  
Gen. Banks was present and  
made a long speech, in which he  
chiefly dwelt upon the part New  
England had taken in the war.  
We make a single extract:

As a Yankee he was half in-  
clined to talk, but as a man of  
some varied experience he hesi-  
tated, for he thought the time  
to talk had not yet come.

The people of this land had not  
yet been sufficiently steeped in  
suffering. More States must be  
invaded, more hearthstones ren-  
dered desolate, before the people  
of this country will consent to talk  
with one another as they should.  
He could not go far in what he  
had to say, but this he would de-  
clare as his earnest belief, that  
no power, not all the powers  
on earth combined, could destroy  
this great American Government  
when once the people had been  
made to understand the real is-  
sue. [Tremendous and prolonged  
cheering.] Americans, however,  
will have to learn a little. They  
have, hitherto, thought there  
must be a short cut through ev-  
erything, but here their idea is at  
fault; there is no short cut in this  
war; it must be fought through  
to the very end. We must fight,  
and that, to with a full apprecia-  
tion of the men with whom we  
battle, and this once understood,  
the rebellion will fall even should  
"unfenced desolation" mark ev-  
ery step of our path toward the  
consummation. Should the men  
in power and intrusted with the  
dear responsibility allow this  
glorious Government to fall, in  
afterages, when the men who  
crucified the Redeemer will be  
mentioned with pity, these would  
be covered with utter and eternal  
scorn.

## FARMERS.—

Adam was a farmer  
while yet in Paradise, and  
after his fall he was commanded  
to earn his bread by the sweat of  
his brow.

Job, the honest, upright, and  
obedient, was a farmer, and his  
stern endurance has passed into  
proverbs.

St. Luke was a farmer, and  
divides with Prometheus the honor  
of subjecting the ox for the use of  
man.

Socrates was a farmer, and yet  
wedded to his calling, the glory  
of his immortal philosophy.

Cincinnatus was a farmer, and  
the noblest Roman of them all.

Burns was a farmer, and the  
music found him at the plough,  
and filled him with poetry.

Washington was a farmer; re-  
tired from the highest earthly sta-  
tion to enjoy the quiet of rural  
life at Mt. Vernon, and present  
to the world a spectacle of human  
greatness.

To these names may be added  
a host of others who sought peace  
and repose in the cultivation of  
their mother earth; the enthusi-  
astic Lafayette, the steadfast

## PICKERING, THE SCHOLASTIC JEFFERSON.

The fiery Randolph, all  
found an Eldorado of consol-  
ation from life's cares and troubles,  
in the green and verdant lawn  
that surrounded their homesteads.

## INTERESTING TO MR. BARNUM.

A Maine paper gives an ac-  
count of an aged preacher—95  
years old, we think—who has  
lately bloomed out with "new  
hair—the hair of his youth—new  
teeth, and new eyes."

The general health of the old  
gentleman is stated to be good,  
although we should not have  
been surprised had the Maine  
paper stated that he was occa-  
sionally troubled with cholera in-  
fantum, as well as subject to  
draft.

## HOW MANY BALLS KILL IN BATTLE.

Marshal Saxe, a high author-  
ity in such things, was in the  
habit of saying that to kill a man  
in battle the man's weight in  
lead must be expended. A French  
Medical and Surgical Gazette  
published at Lyons says that the  
fact was verified at Solferina, even  
with the recent great im-  
provement in fire arms. The  
Austrians fired 8,400,000 times.  
The loss of the French and Ital-  
ians was 200 killed and 10,000  
wounded. Each man hit cost  
720 rounds and every man killed  
cost 4,200 ounces. The mean  
weight of a ball is 1 oz: thus we  
find, it required, on an average  
270 pounds to kill a man. The  
soldier in battle may therefore  
find comfort in reflecting that 700  
shot may be fired at him before  
he is hit, and 4,200 before he  
"shuffles off this mortal coil."

## GOOD GRACIOUS.

It is proposed in Pennsylvania  
to send James Buchanan to the  
United States Senate! We would  
laugh at this, if we could, but  
it's a pretty solemn business to  
those who have friends buried  
in that state, for they will be ri-  
fling the cemeteries for candidates  
next, and each party will have a  
Resurrection Committee. Don't,  
gentlemen, be misled by words!  
J. B. may be the Old Pa of his  
country, but it is well known  
that he never was the Father of  
anything, his proudest public  
service being that he allowed the  
Buchanan breed to become ex-  
tinct. This patriotism certainly  
entitles him to Go To Pieces in  
Peace.

## JOHN BROWN, JR.

John Brown, jr., was in the  
city last evening, having come  
over from Put-in-Bay Island, on  
which he has purchased ten acres  
of ground, and to which he pro-  
poses shortly to remove his fam-  
ily. He informed us that, though  
compelled to resign the com-  
mand of his company in the  
Spring, in consequence of rheu-  
matism, he has never ceased to  
be ready to fight the moment he  
was fit for service. He hopes to  
be able to join the Union army  
again as soon as he has got his  
family provided for.—Sandusky  
Reg.

## Here is a characteristic Western occurrence.

Judge Jerem-  
iah Smith, old, drunk, and trea-  
sonable, blackguarded Union sol-  
diers at Portland, Ind., a few  
days since. Judge Bowden, full  
of righteous indignation, was  
about to knock down his yoke-  
fellow of justice, when somebody  
carried off the tipsy old fool,  
who, however, began again, and  
was rolled in the mud by some  
indignant soldiers, until Judge  
Elliott harranged them, and in-  
duced them to permit Smith to be  
taken out of town.—New York  
Independent.

## Major-General Ambrose

Everett Burnside, of the United  
States volunteer service, is in the  
prime of life, having been born  
at Liberty, a small town in  
Union county, Indiana, on the  
23d of May, 1821. After being  
well grounded in the usual rud-  
iments of a liberal education, he  
was nominated to the West Point  
Military Academy, and his name  
was enrolled as a cadet in 1842.  
He graduated in 1848, eighteenth  
in a class of 38 members, and  
was immediately attached to the  
2nd Artillery, with the brevet  
rank of Second Lieutenant.

## Law is not something wrought

out by man's ingenuity; nor is it  
a decree of the people; but it is  
something eternal, governing the  
world by the wisdom of its com-  
mands and prohibitions; what-  
ever is just is also the true law; nor  
can this be abrogated by any  
written enactments.